



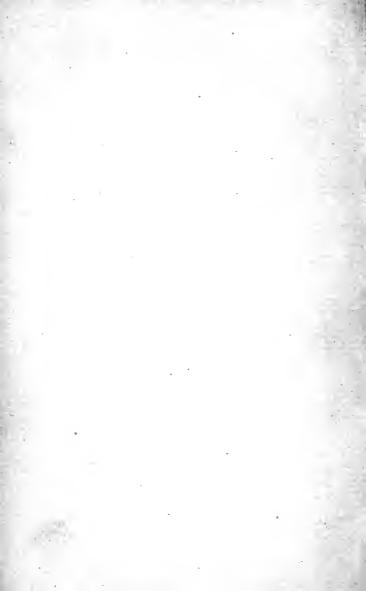




LYRICS OF LIGHT AND LIFE.







Lyrics of Light and Life:

LIV. Original Poems by

DR. JOHN H. NEWMAN, William Alexander, Bp. of Derry, Christina G. Rossetti, Aubrey de Vere, J. C. Earle, W. Chatterton Dix, Rev. Gerard Moultrie, Rev. Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, Rev. R. H. Baynes, H. W. Mozley, Rev. A. M. Morgan, Rev. Edward Caswall, B. Montgomerie Ranking, Rev. R. S. Hawker, Rev. John Purchas, Rev. W. J. Blew, Rev. Dr. Monsell, Hedley Vicars, H. M. Stuart, D. Mackworth Dolben, &c. Edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L.



LONDON: PICKERING & CO., 196, PICCADILLY.

1878.

Second Chition, groufed and Enlarged.



Forte scutum Salus Ducum.



Dedicated with Respect and Regard to the Right Honourable Thomas Fortescue, Lord Clermont,







CONSTANTIA.



And to Louisa, Lady Clermont, of Ravensdale Park, in the County of Louth.



₩ Beati



pacifici.



PREFATORY NOTE.



CANNOT fend forth this volume without placing on record my great obligations, and heartiest thanks, to all those whose valued and truly-prized contribu-tions have made it what it is. This I now do.

Planned more than ten years ago, and put afide for fome time by other and more preffing duties. it has been to me at once an agreeable relaxation and a very great pleafure, from time to time, to fecure from many friends and others the various Christian Lyrics which follow,—for which I here express my fincere acknowledgments. I feel deeply honoured by having been permitted to gather and arrange such a poetical pofy; and this from fo many who have won their laurels.

Two of the contributors, whose memories are frequently before me, my old and dear friend the Rev. John Purchas, and Mr. Mackworth Dolben, of Finedon Hall,-a young writer of intense refinement, deep spirituality, and great promise, (who met an untimely death,) have passed away from fight and ken.

The poems of these writers may be all the more valued, therefore, because with them the pen has been laid down, the hand is cold, and the heart is still.





viii

Prefatory Note.

I have only to add that no author is responsible for anything more than his own contribution.

F. G. L.

All Saints' Vicarage, Lambeth, November 4, 1874.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



T is a fource of fatisfaction to me that a book which appealed neither to the ordinary multitude nor to commonplace tastes, has so soon reached a second edition.

This, having been carefully revised, only differs from the first in that it contains eleven new poems. To the respective authors of these I tender my sincere

acknowledgments.

Since its publication three more of the original contributors have passed onward to the life beyond the grave—Mr. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow; Father Caswall, of the Birmingham Oratory, and Dr. Monfell. Requiescant in pace.

F. G. L.

Invention of the Holy Crofs, 1878.





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"An arid plain, with rocky mountains lit,
From time to time, with funshine, frowning by;
Such was my path. Alone and solitary
I took my way. So lone it might have been
My last dread journey into Death's dark vale;
(For each one takes that journey all alone.)
Above, black clouds; around, the wailing wind;
While onward, o'er the level plains of sand,
No streak of silver heralded the Day.
Yet on the wind, when o'er me darkest night,
There came glad words with music weird and faint,
Lyrics of Light and Life,—angelic strains
Echoed from Home on Earth or Home above,
To speed a footfore Wanderer on his way."

" The Sorrows of Sewallis."





Lyrics of Light and Life.

BELOW AND ABOVE.

OWN below, the wild November whift-

Through the beech's dome of burning red,

And the Autumn sprinkling penitential Dust and ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,

Darkly hanging from the mountain fide,
And the funfet from his eyebrow staring

O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above, the tree with leaf unfading
By the everlafting river's brink,
And the fea of glafs, beyond the margin
Never yet the fun was known to fink.





Down below, the white wings of the fea-bird, Dash'd across the furrows dark with mould, Flitting with the memories of our childhood Through the trees now waxen pale and old.

2

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits like the wind,
Thoughts that toss like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes like sea-birds stash'd across the mind.

Up above, the hoft no man can number, In white robes, a palm in every hand; Each fome work fublime for ever working, In the spacious tracts of that great land.

Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger love without a touch of woe.



3

Down below, a fad mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above, a music that entwineth,
With eternal threads of golden found,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the Church to whose poor window Glory by the autumnal trees is lent, And a knot of worshippers in mourning, Missing some one at the Sacrament.

Up above, the burst of Alleluia,
And (without the facramental mist
Wrapt around us like a funlit halo)
The great vision of the Face of Christ.





Down below, cold funlight on the tombstones, And the green wet turf with faded flowers; Winter roses, once like young hopes burning, Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

4

And the new-made grave within the churchyard, And the white cap on that young face pale, And the watcher, ever as it dusketh, Rocking to and fro with that long wail.

Up above, a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,
Who shall grow in love and light for ever,
Ordered in his place among his peers.

O the fobbing of the winds of Autumn,
And the funfet streak of stormy gold,
And the poor heart, thinking in the churchyard,
"Night is coming and the grave is cold."



5

O the pale and plashed and sodden roses, And the desolate heart that grave above, And the white cap shaking as it darkens Round that shrine of memory and love.

O the rest for ever, and the rapture,
And the Hand that wipes the tears away;
And the golden homes beyond the sunset,
And the hope that watches o'er the clay!

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

Bishop of Derry.

All Saints' Day, 1857.







MY BIRTHDAY.

ET the fun fummon all his beams to hold Bright pageant in his court, the cloudpaved sky;

Earth trim her fields and leaf her copies cold;

Till the dull month with fummer-splendour vie.

It is my Birthday;—and I fain would try,

Albeit in rude, in heartfelt strains to praise

My God, for He hath shielded wondrously

From harm and envious error all my ways,

And purged my misty sight, and fixed on heaven
my gaze.

Not in that mood, in which the infensate crowd Of wealthy folly hail their natal day,— With riot throng, and feast, and greetings loud, Chasing all thoughts of God and heaven away.



7

Poor insect! feebly daring, madly gay,
What! joy because the fulness of the year
Marks thee for greedy death a riper prey?
Is not the silence of the grave too near?
Viewest thou the end with glee, meet scene for harrowing fear?

Go then, infatuate! where the festive hall,

The curious board, the oblivious wine invite;

Speed with obsequious haste at Pleasure's call,

And with thy revels scare the far-spent night.

Joy thee, that clearer dawn upon thy sight

The gates of death;—and pride thee in thy sum

Of guilty years, and thy increasing white

Of locks; in age untimely frolicksome,

Make much of thy brief span, sew years are yet to

come!

Yet wiser such, than he whom blank despair And sostered grief's ungainful toil enslave;



Lodged in whose furrowed brow thrives fretful care, Sour graft of blighted hope; who, when the wave

Of evil rushes, yields,—yet claims to rave At his own deed, as the stern will of heaven.

8

In footh against his Maker idly brave, Whom e'en the creature-world has tossed and driven, Cursing the life he mars, "a boon so kindly given."

He dreams of mischief; and that brainborn ill
Man's open face bears in his jealous view.

Fain would he fly his doom; that doom is still
His own black thoughts, and they must aye
pursue.

Too proud for merriment, or the pure dew Soft glistening on the sympathizing cheek; As some dark, lonely, evil-natured yew,

" "Is life a boon so kindly given?" &c. - Vide Childe Harold, cant. ii.



9

Whose poisonous fruit—so fabling poets speak— Beneath the moon's pale gleam the midnight hag doth seek.

No! give to me, Great Lord, the constant soul,
Nor sooled by pleasure nor enslaved by care;
Each rebel-passion (for Thou canst) controul,
And make me know the tempter's every snare.
What, though alone my sober hours I wear,
No friend in view, and sadness o'er my mind
Throws her dark veil?—Thou but accord this
prayer,

And I will bless Thee for my birth, and find
That stillness breathes sweet tones, and loneliness
is kind.

Each coming year, O grant it to refine
All purer motions of this anxious breast;
Kindle the steadfast flame of love divine,
And comfort me with holier thoughts possest;





Till this worn body flowly fink to rest,
This feeble spirit to the sky aspire,—
As some long-prison'd dove toward her nest—
There to receive the gracious full-toned lyre,
Bowed low before the Throne 'mid the bright seraph choir.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Trinity College, Oxford. February 21, 1819.





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A ROSE PLANT IN JERICHO.

T morn I plucked a rose and gave it Thee,
A rose of joy and happy love and peace,
A rose with scarce a thorn:

But in the chillness of a second morn My rose-bush drooped, and all its gay increase Was but one thorn that wounded me.

I plucked the thorn and offered it to Thee;
And for my thorn Thou gavest love and peace,
Not joy this mortal morn:
If Thou hast given much treasure for a thorn,

Wilt Thou not give me for my rose increase
Of gladness, and all sweets to me?

My thorny rose, my love and pain, to Thee I offer; and I set my heart in peace,





A Rose Plant in Jericho.

I 2

And rest upon my thorn:
For verily I think to-morrow morn
Shall bring me Paradise, my gist's increase,
Yea, give Thy very Self to me.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



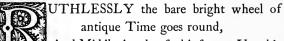




THE SILVER ARMY.

"There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them."

I.



And Middle Age has fet his foot on Youth's enchanted ground;

The port has waxed more stately, the brow has sterner grown,

The finile is touched with fadness, and the man feels more alone.

II.

Ah, me! the golden lovelocks are changing into grey,

For God's filver filent army, no man may keep at bay:



14

And fince I may not frown you down, nor motion you away—

O filver, filent monitors! what is it ye would fay?

TTT.

"Where is 'the purple light of love,' and where the creeds of youth?

The faith in Manhood's honour, the repose on Woman's truth?

The fummer friendship vanished when the storm began to rave,

And false Egeria slumbers calmly in her village grave.

IV.

"Life's gambler! thou hast lost thy stake—and what is left but gloom?

The fairy palace of Romance transformed into a tomb.



15

Dry is now thy fountain, Numa!—gone the dreamy grotto life—

Where the glamour of the Nymph-land—lo! the cold decorous wife!"

v.

O filver filent multitude! These voices are not thine,

Thy glittering mail was forgëd by a Hand that is Divine:

Numa has still a trysting-place, Life's glory has not slown,

For holy wedlock's crownëd Queen reigns on Egeria's throne.

VI.

Still in my creed man's honour and woman's love abide—

The phantafy of Boyhood with that village maiden died.



The deep strong heart of manhood, the worship of a life—

The stainless fame, the honoured name, these, these I gave my wife!

VII.

The chivalry of labour is toil for others done—

By the worker, not the dreamer, are the flar as

By the worker, not the dreamer, are the star and mantle won;

Who works for home and country, for him God's angel fings—

"O labourer worthy of thy hire—the aureole and the wings."

VIII.

O mother of my children, the filvery hofts of God

Bear in their hands enchanters' wands, and not th' avenging rod:





17

They point unto the land youth deemed fo very far away¹—

But Heaven looks nearer to us when the hair is growing grey.

JOHN PURCHAS.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isaiab xxxiij. 17.







THE BASILICA OF ST. MARK, VENICE.



STATELY palace of the Triune God, A mystic sanctuary of gloom and gleam, With marbled saints, where twinkling lamps are hung,

And joyful bells ring out with filvery tongue,
Telling how fwiftly moves on old Time's ftream,
And how great races knew th' avenging rod.
Nor Occidental rites are here alone,
Nor Oriental forms. Majestic fongs
Of Mary, round Incarnate God's high Throne,
Sung by Her children, gathered nigh in throngs
Where still repose the relics of Saint Mark.
Link of the East and West, but One true Ark.

Nations! turn eastward in thy western pride, Easterns look westward—Adria is bright!





The Basilica of St. Mark, Venice. 19

Blue waters sleep around, or, night-starred, glide
Near shrines, 'mid Earth's dark desert, of God's
Light.

In peace, Lord, may thy fervant now depart,
My wondering eyes have feen this heavenly fight,
And I would choose henceforth the better part:
Grant it, O Christ, whene'er draws on the Night,
After Earth's toil and moil, to where is light,
Lord, may thy servant then in peace depart!
FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Venice, Nov. 15, 1877.







A MAY CAROL.

S this, indeed, our ancient earth?

Or have we died in fleep and rifen?

Has Earth, like man, her fecond birth?

Rifes the palace from the prifon?

Hills beyond hills afcend the fkies;
In winding valleys, heaven-fuspended,
Huge forests, rich as sunset's dyes,
With rainbow-braided clouds are blended.

From melting fnows through coverts dank
White torrents rush to you blue mere,
Flooding its glazed and graffy bank,
The mirror of the milk-white steer.



A May Carol.

2 I

What means it? Glory, fweetness, might?
Not these, but something holier far—
Shadows of Him that Light of Light,
Whose priestly vestment all things are.

The veil of fense transparent grows:
God's Face shines out, that veil behind,
Like yonder sea-restected snows—
Here man must worship, or be blind.

AUBREY DE VERE.







FROM THE CLOISTER.

A FRAGMENT.

[The monk JEROME feated in the cloister.]



TO have wandered in the days that were, Through the fweet groves of green Academé!

Or fhrouded in the night of olive boughs,
Have watched the starry clusters overhead
Twinkle and quiver in the perfumed breeze—
That breeze which, foftly wafted from afar,
Mingled with rustling leaves and fountain's splash,
The boyish laughter and the maiden's song.
Or couched among the beds of pale-pink thyme
That fringe Cephissus with his purple pools,
Have idly listened while sweet voices sung
Of all those ancient victories of love
That never weary, and that never die.



23

Of Sappho's leap, Leander's nightly fwim,
Of wandering Echo, and the Trojan maid,
For whom all ages fhed their pitying tears:
Or that fair legend, dearest of them all,
That tells us how the hyacinth was born.
Next to have mingled in the eager crowd
That, questioning, circled some philosopher:
Young eyes that glistened, and young cheeks that
glowed

For love of Truth, the great Indefinite.

Truth—beautiful as feem the distant hills,

Veiled in fost purple-crags, whereon is found

No tender plant in the uncreviced rock,

But clinging lichen, and black shrivelled moss.—

So should day pass, till from the summer sky,

Behind the marble shrines and palaces,

The big sun sank, reddening the Ægean Sea.

So should life pass, as slows the clear brown stream,

And scarcely stirs the water-lilies' leaves.

Life here, methinks, is like to some canal,





24

Dull, measured, muddy, washing flowerless banks.
O funny Athens! home of life and love!
Free, joyous life that I may never live!
Warm, glowing love, that I may never know.
Home of Apollo, god of Poetry!
Dear bright-haired god, in whom I half believe,
Come to me, as thou didst come to Semele,
Trailing across the hills thy saffron robe,
And catch me heavenward wrapped in golden mists.

I weary of this squalid holiness;
I weary of these hot black draperies;
I weary of the incense-thickened air,
The chiming of the inevitable bells;
The chanting too!—can man be made for this—
To hold his tongue all day, and sing all night?

My boyhood, hurried over, but once gone For ever mourned—return for one fhort hour! Friends of past days, light up these cloister walls



25

With your bright presences, and starry eyes,
And make the cold grey vaulting ring again
With tinkling laughter — Ah, they come! they
come!

I flut my eyes, and fancy that I hear The funlit ripples kifs the willow boughs.

But I forget myself; I must confess
All this to-morrow: thoughts—oh, let me see!—
Of discontent, and sloth, and a dislike
To hear the clanging of the blessed bells;
And something else. Ah, well! all lovely things
That this vile earth affords—wood, mountain,
stream,

The regal faces, and the godlike eyes
We fee, the tender voices that we hear,
Are but mere fhadows: the reality
Is—what? A fomething up above the clouds.
From every carven niche the frony faints
Stretch out their wasted hands in mute reproach;





26

And from the Crucifix, the great wan Christ Shows me His bleeding wounds and thorny crown. Then, hark! I hear from many a lonely grave, From blood-stained sands of amphitheatres, From loathsome dungeon, and from blackened stake, A cry—the martyrs' cry—" Behold the Man!"

I hate myself, I hate this mystery,—
The dread necessity of suffering.
Is there no place in all the universe
To hide me in? no little island girt
With waves to drown the echo of that cry,
"Behold the Man, the Man of Calvary"?

[Brother Francis croffing the cloifter, fings.]

Sweetest Jesu, Thou art He

To Whom my soul aspires;

Sweetest Jesu, Thou art He

Whom my whole heart defires.



27

To love Thee, oh the extafy, The rapture and the joy! All earthly loves foon pass away, All earthly pleasures cloy.

But whoso loves the Son of God
Of love shall never tire,
But through and through shall burn and glow
With Love's undying fire.

[He enters the chapel.]
DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN.







DESECRATION.



HOUSE of prayer once confecrate To God's high fervice—defolate! A ruin where once flood a fhrine,

Bright with the Prefence all divine! Tread foftly here! 'tis hallowed ground, And faithful hearts still find around Traces of things which once were here In days of love and reverent fear.

This is no common fpot of earth,
No place for idle words or mirth;
Here streamed the taper's mystic light,
Here stashed the waving censers bright,
Awhile the Church's ancient song
Lingered these stately aisles among,
And high mysterious words were said
Which brought to men the Living Bread.



Desecration.

29

O fhame on those who will not own
The ruined shrine God's altar throne!
What though long years have come and gone
Since the last rite was duly done,
Since the last Sacrament was given,
Since the last prayer went up to Heaven!
True, men have wrought its sad disgrace,
But still it is God's Holy Place.

O it is easy work to say
"A purer Faith, a Gospel day,
Put all such holy ground aside,
And count all Nature sanctified."
It is not hard to dogmatize
And preach of "superstitious lies;"
To mock at "priestcraft," and to search
For some pet text to curse the Church:

But it is hard to bear the jeer, To have the World's cold-hearted sneer,





Desecration.

30

The fneer the World for ever flings
At holy men and facred things.
Courage! who fight the Cross beneath
Must fight unto the very death!
Faith, Hope, and Love the World shall win
From self, from facrilege and sin!

W. CHATTERTON DIX.







ON THE BAPTISM OF A CHILD.

MORNING.

ABE, awake! the fun is high,
See, its beams are in the fky;
Warm it shines 'mid cloudlet torn,
On thy bright baptismal morn.

Wake thee! for the Church to-day Yearns to greet thee on thy way; Hark! the bells ring joyfully, Holy welcome, babe, for thee.

Child of Adam! doft thou bear Stain of fin on face so fair? Gift of God, oh! must we see Sin's dark heritage in thee?





On the Baptism of a Child.

32

Wake thee from thy light repose! Holy Church would thee enclose, Thee within her arms would hold, Make thee lamb of Jesu's fold.

EVENING.

ABY fleep! the fun is low, Evening fhadows come and go; Sleep, for on thy gentle brow Gleams the Crofs of Jefus now.

Calm thou liest in thy cot, All thy baby woes forgot; Fair thy dress, thy face how fair, God's own image thou dost bear.





On the Baptism of a Child.

33

In the still baptismal hour,
O'er thee sell the Spirit's power;
In the blest Thrice-Holy Name,
Thou art washed from fin and shame.

Brightest drops of heavenly dew, Then refreshed thy soul anew; Child of God thou art become, Heir of His eternal Home.

'Neath the Cross His children fight, Boldly they maintain the right; Thou His banner must uphold, And in His dear cause be bold.

Sleep thee, babe, beneath His care, Angels to thy cot repair; Holy Guardians of the night Guide thy tender dreams aright.





34 On the Baptism of a Child.

We around will kneel and pray
That the bleffings wrought this day,
May through life fuftain thy foul
Till it reach the heavenly goal.

NORA BATT.







THE DEATH OF ERMENGARDE.

A FRAGMENT.

(A girl speaks.)

Her sheet

SAD, fweet end—
She fat upon the threshold of her door:
A long night's pain had left her living still:

Her cheek was white; but trembling round her lips, And dimly o'er her face diffused, there lay Something that, held in check by feebleness, Yet tended to a smile. A cloak, tight-drawn, From the cold March-wind screened her, save one

hand

Stretched on her knee, that reached to where a beam, Thin slip of watery funshine, funset's last, Slanted through frosty branches. On that beam (It brightened well that faded hand), methought, Rested her eyes, half-closed. It was not so:





36 The Death of Ermengarde.

For when I knelt and kiffed that hand ill-warmed, Smiling, she said, "The small unwedded maid Has missed her mark! You should have kissed the ring!

Full fifty years upon a widowed hand
It holds its own. It takes its latest funshine!"
She lived through all that night, and died while dawned

Through fnows Saint Joseph's morn.

AUBREY DE VERE.







INDIA'S DREAM.

INDUS.

ROTHER! after fet of day
'Neath your western stars I lay,
And I looked on other bowers,

And I dreamed of dreaming flowers. O how fair the garden-glades!
O how strange their central shades!
In the heart of leaf and bloom,
Lo! a solitary tomb.

ANGLUS.

I too fee, but not in dream,
'Neath all stars a garden gleam;
All things fragrant, all things white,
There lie buried in the night.



India's Dream.

Wonder not that one should die, One in garden-tomb should lie, When thou mayst that garden scan Made a tomb, the soul of man.

38

INDUS.

This life's captives break their chain, And to funlight pass again,
This life's captives hope—the grave,
Never has set free its slave.
O the vision of my head!
Empty was that garden-bed,
And a voice struck on my ear,
"He is risen! He is not here!"

ANGLUS.

I, not less, the winter flown, See a vision like thy own, When, from a dead life unseen, Wave the fields with living green;



India's Dream.

39

I shall see, and thou, and all,
At the World's great funeral,
A true garden every tomb,
Whence the dead shall spring and bloom.

INDUS.

In the place where flowers blow
Gardeners pass to and fro;
One seemed set to dress and keep
The fair garden of my sleep.
O with wounded seet and hands
In the sunrise here He stands,
And I own Him, Seed, Sun, Showers,
Gardener of all God's flowers!

In the drought men water bring Thirfty flowers watering: I am thirfty; flood thou me With the Christ of Calvary.



ANGLUS.

In the Name of Father, Son, And of Him, the Holy One, Live—and light the starless sod; England owes to Ind her God.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.







OUR REST.

IGHT falls apace, the shades grow long
Athwart the dewy lawn;
Blithe birds pipe out their evensong,
Flowers close till welcome dawn.

Behind the hill-tops, finking low,
Passed the great Sun away;
Now paler spreads fair saffron glow
Amid the deepening grey.

All feek repose when night is nigh— The tender doves their nest, The lambs, safe-folded, sleeping lie, The babe on mother's breast.



So feek we, Lord, in Thee to rest,
Who lengthenest out our days,
Meet offerings bring—of prayer our best,
And sweetest songs of praise.

Care fills our lives—our cares on Thee We cast from day to day:
Thy Voice sounds gently "Come to Me Who bare your fins away."

Weak are our footsteps—Thine the power
To raise us when we fall;
Full oft we stray in evil hour,
Do Thou our fouls recall!

What if we lose Thee? whence our hope?
Who else can save or cheer?
Dread were our doom unhelped to grope
In blank despair and fear.



Our Rest.

43

But Thou art ours—True strength and stay;
At morn our Bread of Life;
Until the closing of Life's day
Our Peace 'mid toil and strife.

Be with us, Jesus, at the end,
When death-shades round us close,
Light in our gloom in pity send,
And grant a sweet repose.

E. Louisa Lee.







THE SISTER OF MERCY.

ı.

HE was his playmate when a child: and, in Life's golden hours,

He loved her as he loved the ftars, as he loved the ftarry flowers;

With crown of flowers he dowered her, and all the wealth of May,

And fhe was his dream-angel by night and his fairyqueen by day.

All day she was his fairy-queen, her realms of fairy light

Were the wild woods beautiful with flowers, and the fun-kiffed mountain height,



45

And the heather on the upland, and the shingle by the sea,

And wherever she went was fairy-land, and her own true knight was he.

All night she was his dream-angel; no crown of flowers was there,

But a crown of ftarry glory beamed around her golden hair,

And not the funny fmile of day beneath that cross of light,

But a dreamy starry smile, like the smile of dewy Night.

And often when in boyish glee he prattled fast and wild,

A strange, weird awe would mingle with his love for that fair child;



And he ceased his childish talk, and a shadow on him lay,

For she seemed as though she heard him not, and her heart was far away.

He saw her once at eventide: the glorious sun went down,

And kiffed her golden treffes as with an angel's crown,

And it lay upon her pale white face, and radiant brow upraised,

And he faw his own dream-angel, and trembled as he gazed.

He knew his own dream-angel: those eyes of heavenly love,

That dreamy ftarry fmile beneath the kindling skies above;

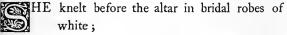


47

And it burst upon his heart, like a flash of awful light,

And she was his fairy-queen no more but his dreamangel of Night.

II.



The church was beautiful with flowers, and blazed with flarry light;

There were flowers above the altar, and flowers wreathed in her hair,

And angels gazed upon her brow, and faw a starcrown there.

She knelt before the altar: the organ pealed on high,

They swelled the wedding hymn of joy up to the listening sky,



48

And angels' harps caught up the strain, and pealed it far away,

For God Himfelf comes down to claim a fair young bride to-day.

He faw his own dream-angel: the glorious funlight came,

And kiffed her virgin forehead with a crown of gold and flame;

And it lay upon her fnowy flowers and on her golden hair,

But he was kneeling far away in forrow and despair.

Strange strength arose within his soul: he let no teardrop start,

He checked each wild rebellious fob that trembled at his heart;





49

And he faid: "O God, I loved her more than all the world befide,

But now Thy Will, Thy Will be done: I covet not Thy Bride.

"I was not worthy of her love, this finful heart of mine,

Of that pure virgin heart of hers, where every throb was Thine;

I was not worthy of her love; and give her up to Thee,

And Thou wilt hear her, if perchance she pray one prayer for me."

The last sweet hymn has died away: the awful rite is o'er,

And she is now a Bride of Christ, His love for evermore:



50

And he bore his forrow meekly, but his life had lost its light,

And the was his fairy-queen no more, but his dreamangel of night.

III.

E lay upon the battle-field with faint and gasping breath,

Among the dying and the dead, on that grim field of death:

And no fweet hymn went up to God to foothe his aching head,

But the moaning of the dying and the wailing for the dead.

He lay upon the battle-field, and on his fevered brain,

A thousand memories of the past came rushing back again;



51

His father and his mother, and the cottage by the lea,

And the chair where first he said his prayers beside his mother's knee:

And then his mother smiled on him, and tears were in his eye,

But he knew not why he wept for her, nor what it was to die;

And the dance of his young life went on with all its joy and pain,

But he never faw his mother's fmile, nor felt her kifs again.

The wild woods and the leaping brooks, and a little child at play,

A little blue-eyed, fair-haired child, with a crown of early May;



52

And her crown became a crown of ftars, and her ftar-croffed brow grew bright,

And she smiled a dreamy starry smile, like the smile of dewy night.

An altar bright with lights and flowers, and a fair girl kneeling there,

And a breaking heart, and a stifled moan, and a faintly-whispered prayer,

And the moaning of the dying and the wailing for the dead,

And his own dream-angel's gentle arm around his drooping head.

He started from his reverie, and kneeling by his fide

He faw his own dream-angel, and so in peace he died;





53

While her prayers for him went up to God beneath the stars all night,

And the Heavenly Bridegroom heard His Bride . . . and now he fleeps in light.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.







THE OTHER SIDE.

"And when the even was come, he faid unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side."—ST. MARK iv. 35.



HE day was done: befide the fultry fhore The cooling fhadows kiffed the restless fea,

The words of wondrous wisdom now were o'er That make thy waves so facred, Galilee!

The thronging multitude from far and nigh In eager hafte around His barque had preffed, And, as He fpake, the hours passed stealthy by, And many a weary heart found peace and rest.

And then, as gently fell the evening dew,
And the long day, with all its toil, was o'er,
The Master saith unto His chosen few,
"Let us pass over to the further shore."



The Other Side.

55

So, when our day is ended, and we fland At even by the marge of Jordan's tide, O may we firmly grasp His piercèd Hand, And pass triumphant to the "other side."

ROBERT H. BAYNES.







WHITE IS THE COLOUR OF ANGELS.

"All glorious hues are in the pure white beam."

Keble.

HITE is the colour of angels

And of innocent virgin fouls;

White is the orbëd night-queen
In the purple sky that rolls.

White is the hue of gladness,
And of hearts that know not grief;
White is the hue that Sadness
Aye looks to for relief.

Down from the liquid heaven
In myflic order laid,
The white flars rain at even
White joys that ne'er can fade:



White is the Colour of Angels.

57

For they rain on the folemn spirit Musing on things above, On the realms that we inherit White with Eternal Love.

White in the Easter season
And at Christmas' time of joy,
Our Mother for loving reason
Ordaineth to employ.

White in the lovely May-tide Bursteth from every bush; White in the face of beauty Frameth a maiden blush.

White is the noon-tide glory
Blanching the distant hills;
White on the ocean hoary
The storm-tossed surges fills.





58 White is the Colour of Angels.

White are the fields at even
When the fresh dew on them lies;
White is the verge of heaven,
Ere the sun begins to rife.

I loved a white-browed maiden Arched o'er with gold-brown hair, And eyne with brightness laden As the brightness of summer air.

O colour of white, I love thee!
For ever amid my dreams
The fhadow of white-winged angels
To guard me with watching feems.

GEORGE AKERS.





OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS.

I.

HE World is very foul and dark,
And fin has marred its outline fair;
But we are taught to look above
And fee another image there!
And I will raise my eyes above,
Above a World of fin and woe,
Where finless, griesless, near her Son
Sits Mary on a Throne of snow.

II.

Mankind feems very foul and dark
In fome lights that we fee them in;
Lo! as the tide of life goes by,
How many thousands live in fin!





Our Lady of the Snows.

60

But I will raise my eyes above,
Above the World's unthinking flow,
To where, so human, yet so fair,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

III.

My heart is very foul and dark,
Yes, strangely foul sometimes to me
Glare up the images of sin,
My tempter loves to make me see.
Then may I lift my eyes above,
Above these passions vile and low,
To where, in pleading contrast bright,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

IV.

And oft that Throne, so near our Lord's, To Earth some of its radiance lends; And Christians learn from her to shun The path impure, that hell-ward tends:



Our Lady of the Snows.

61

For they have learnt to look above,
Above the prizes here below,
To where, crowned with a starry crown,
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow.

v.

Bleft be the whiteness of her Throne
That shines so purely, grandly there,
With such a passing glory bright,
Where all is bright, and all is fair!
God, make me lift my eyes above,
And love its holy radiance so,
That, some day, I may come where still
Sits Mary on her Throne of snow!

B.





"LET THE HILLS HEAR THY VOICE."

0.0

HE fun shines bright and glorious, and the hill tops are illumed

With a more than common light the day Our Lady was affumed;

For her the cloudless blaze of noon on the lonely tarn is glowing,

And the many-founding torrents chant her praifes in their flowing.

For her the golden valleys thick with cornfields laugh and fing,

And with voices of innumerous birds the happy woodlands ring;

The air is tremulous with fong, and a preternatural motion

Stirs the deep music of the waves in funless caves of Ocean;





"Let the Hills hear Thy Voice." 63

- And the found of many waters with accord of folemn mirth,
- Like a worship without words, goes up incessant from the earth,
- The Magnificat of mountain-ftreams, and—fweetest after showers—
- An odour as of frankincense, wasted from myrtle bowers.
- And shall we alone, dear Mother, when all around is gay,
- Stand mute amid the tuneful choir that hails thy triumph day?
- Nor heed the skylark's matin hymn, flooding the heavens with praise,
- Faint echo of their angel harps who on thy brightness gaze?
- Shall thy children raife no anthem, all unaudienced though it be,





64 "Let the Hills hear Thy Voice."

With the living rock for temple, and the farrefounding fea,

Rolling organ notes of jubilee, responsive to their fong,

For the Mother of the Holy One, the Merciful, the Strong?

What if there were who loved to roam those breezy fern-clad hills,

And to dream away the fummer nights befide their tinkling rills;

Who thought to feek the beautiful in Earth's most beauteous places,

While the mountain breath was fraught for them with more than earthly graces;

Who revelled in the warm funshine on lake and flowery lea,

While Nature through her fweet constraints was drawing them to thee?—





"Let the Hills hear Thy Voice." 65

O fpeed them home, dear Mother-Maid, who linger on the way,

Lighten their eyes who cannot fee, and turn the feet that flray!

Guide thou their weary steps through days of anguish and unrest,

Through the darkness that is felt of doubts unconquered, unconfest,

To the land beyond the Eastern hills, lapt in the living ray

Of the Uncreated Vision, where the shadows slee away!

HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM.







THE SERVANT OF CHRIST.

"He that is called, being free, is Christ's servant."

I Cor. vii. 22.

I.

HY Hands have made me! in foul-faving flood

Thy Heart poured forth for me its precious Blood,

And Thy sweet Breath gave me its Life Divine; Therefore, my God and Saviour! I am Thine!

II.

Thine by the mighty Maker's matchless art, Thine by the Passion of His broken Heart, Marked on my brow with the fin-scaring sign, My God! my Saviour! soul and body Thine!



The Servant of Christ.

67

III.

Slave of my paffions, by Thy Love fet free, Bound in eternal fervitude to Thee, Thy right in me yielded with glad accord, The flave of Christ—the freeman of the Lord.

IV.

O glorious Love! that takes that outcast Name, Once the sad sign of suffering and of shame, And makes it, when for Christ man doth it bear, Than Royal titles freer and more fair.

v.

Therefore, to render up to Thee above, All the deep tender passion of my love, All the poor service that Thou wouldst employ, Is not alone my duty, but my joy!





68 The Servant of Christ.

VI.

And whatsoe'er I do, Lord! let it be
Done from the heart—with single eye to Thee:
My purest motive, and my best reward,
To be Christ's slave!—the freeman of the Lord!

JOHN S. B. Monsell.







GOLDEN RAYS.

"Through Life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Jesu, be our Light."

F. W. FABER.

I.

HEN tempests cease at close of day,
And evening is serene,
How welcome falls the golden ray
O'er pastoral valleys seen—
As 'twere a message sent to cheer,
By missioned angels lingering near.

II.

For, if a blinding mist of tears
Awhile obscured our fight,
The sadness of long-vanished years
Seems like a dream of Night.





70

Golden Rays.

When, drawing near to Jordan's tide, Glory illumes the other fide.

III.

The other fide? What tongue may tell
That orient blush of Morn
Tinging the sacred lilies' bell,
And roses without thorn.
Oh that we had thy wings, fair dove,
To soar and rest in bowers above!

IV.

The peace which this World cannot give
And cannot take away
Is found when faithfully we ftrive
God's precepts to obey:
Prepared to breast the awful flood,
Supported on the Holy Rood.



Golden Rays.

71

v.

O wondrous mercy, thus to deign, And offer lasting rest, From forrow, weariness, and pain, On gentle Jesu's breast: So may our Alleluias sweet Adore the Blessed Paraclete!

C. A. M. W.







DREAMS.

ı.

S childhood wanes our dreams become less

Heaven has gone farther off—the child is dead:

When Manhood dawns upon us, it doth scare God's Mother from her watch beside our bed; For I believe that o'er an infant's sleep Our Lady doth a gentle vigil keep.

II.

Thus a child's flumber is a holy thing;
It deems its mother's kiss upon its brow
Is the soft glancing of an Angel's wing.—
Ah! I have no such graceful fancies now!
Therefore I hold, hearing of one who can
Dream like a little child,—Heaven loves that man.

John Purchas.





"IN HOC SIGNO VINCE."



N the ancient story,
Once a warrior high
Saw a Cross of glory

Flaming in the fky;
While around it reaching,
Writ by Hand Divine,
Ran the holy teaching,
"Conquer by this fign."

World and flesh and devil
Seek our deadly loss,
We must fight with evil
Strengthened by the Cross;
Thus our might renewing
By the symbol blest,
"Faint but yet pursuing"
Christ shall give us rest.





"In hoc signo vince."

74

Sign of our falvation
Printed on the brow,
Ever fresh relation
Of a solemn vow,
May we always love thee
As our joy and pride,
Looking still above thee
To the Crucified.

In the time of forrow
Peaceful we shall be,
Since from it we borrow
Lessons, Lord, of Thee:
In the days of gladness
We shall do Thy will,
For Thy Cross of sadness
Keeps us humble still.

Till the cord is broken Of our earthly part,



" In hoc signo vince."

75

Let us wear the token
Near a loving heart:
When the eye is glazing
With the final strife,
Still upon it gazing
Pass from death to Life.







ANGELUS DOMINI.

A PICTURE BY B. FRA ANGELICO.

RESS each on each, fweet wings, and roof
me in
Some clofed cell to hold my wearinefs—

Defired, as from unshadowed plains, to win

The palmy gloaming of the oasis.

Soft wings, that floated ere the fun arose, Down pillared lines of ever-fruited trees, Where through the many-gladed leafage flows The uncreated noon of Paradise.

Still wings, in contemplation oftentime
Stretched on the ocean-depth that drowns defire,
Where lightening tides, in never-falling chime,
Ring round the Angel isles in glass and fire.



Angelus Domini.

77

From meadow lands that fleep beyond the stars, From lilied woods and waves the Blessed see, Pass, bird of God, all pass the golden bars, And in thy fair compassion pity me.

O for the garden-city of the Flower, Of jewelled Italy the chosen gem, Where angels and Giotto dreamed a tower In loveliness of New Jerusalem.

For these, when roseate as a wingëd cloud Upon the saffron of the paling East, A glowing pillar in the House of God, That tower arose, the very loveliest:

Then shaking wings and voices there that sang
Pass up and down the chased jasper wall,
And through the crystal traceries outrang,
As when from height to deep the seraphs call.



Angelus Domini.

O for the valley-flopes which Arno cleaves With arrowy heads of gold unceafingly, Parting the twilight of the grey-green leaves, As shafted sun-gleam on a rain-cloud sky.

For there, more white than mifts of bloom above When funfet kindles Luni's vineyard height, Strange prefences have paced the olive grove, And dazed the cypress cloister into light.

But not for me the angel-haunted fouth—
I spread my hands across the unlovely plain,
I faint for beauty in the daily drouth
Of beauty, as the fields for August rain.

Yet hope is mine against some eastern dawn, Not in a vision, but reality, To see thy wings, and, in thine arms upborne, To rest me in a fairer Italy.

DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN.





THE CHILD'S OFFERING.

WAS festal day in Heaven,
And many a feraph came
With many a costly offering
To bless the Eternal Name.

On never-tiring wings
Of burning love they flew,
Cleaving their eager upward way
Through the carulean blue.

Swift as the lightning's ray,
Which from the farthest East
Darts forth a beam of radiant slame
Unto the farthest West:

So, fwiftly from each realm
Of wide Creation's bound,
The willing vaffals gladly throng
The dazzling throne around:



80

Each meekly veils his face Beneath the shadowing wing, Before the awful Majesty Of the Everlasting King:

Each bearing to his Lord Some mark of tribute meet: Some splendid service, to be laid Low at his Sovereign's feet.

One brings a virgin world, Whose habitations fair And finless, happy denizens Entrusted to his care,

He has preferved from harm-Has trained in holy fear; And now again refigns his charge, Meet for the Vision clear.



The Child's Offering.

81

One leads in ponderous chains
A countless host of hell
Whom he has vanquished in the fight
With Lucifer who fell.

One tells that he has hung
In diffant fields of space
A galaxy of rolling funs
For angels' dwelling-place.

One wakes to a new strain

The music of the spheres;—

Rich harmonies till now unheard

E'en by celestial ears.

Then all in chorus join,
Raifing a lofty fong;—
A theme of praife which never yet
Has fired archangel's tongue.





The Child's Offering.

Yet, 'mid the shining train
Of bending Cherubin,
Is one whose offering prevails
A special grace to win:

82

He brings no spotless world,
No spoils of victory;
He leads not with his voice or harp
The minstrelsy on high:

He bears no royal gift
Nor coftly facrifice;
Of paltry worth it would be held
If weighed at this World's price:

Yet 'tis as rich and rare, In fight of Heaven's King, As all the trophies of fuccess Which flaming seraphs bring.



The Child's Offering.

83

'Tis the first heavenward throb Of a young heart's young love; Its fresh, full tide of gratitude To Him Who dwells above.

Grateful as Spring's first flowers, Lovely as earliest dawn, Precious as in a mother's eyes Her infant eldest-born;

Pure as the deep blue lake
Which, 'neath the fummer fky,
Mirrors the azure and the gold,
Unruffled by a figh:

So dear in Jesus' fight,
So beautiful appears
The heart which gives itself to Him
In childhood's opening years.

WILLIAM EDWARD GREEN.





A DREAM OF PARADISE.

N the mystic realm of slumber, in the quiet land of rest,

Came to me a radiant vision of the Country of the Blest;

Angels, through the filvery moonbeams, gliding fwiftly from the skies,

Brought to me from Eden's garden that fair Dream of Paradife.

Foremost in a long procession, in her shining raiment drest,

Came the one who, through all ages, bears a name for ever bleft;

Queen of Heaven! Spotless Lily! walking in refplendent light



A Dream of Paradise.

85

- Which no mortal eyes can fathom, in the boundless Infinite;
- Bleffed Lady! Mother Glorious! dare I hope to fee thy face
- In the Land where none can enter, fave through the redeeming grace
- Of the Cross which gives us access into the Most Holy Place?
- Those who in her steps had trodden, followed her, in robes of white;
- Palms within their hands were waving, they were crowned with gems of light.
- They were there, the martyr-maidens, who had conquered in the strife;
- They were there, the meek and patient, who had borne the Crofs through life;
- Ranfomed from Earth's tribulation—fafe for ever in the Fold;



86

Paffing 'neath the pearly gateway,—walking in the ftreets of gold;

And I heard their thrilling anthem floating o'er the crystal sea-

"Unto Him Who hath redeemed us, Glory, Praise, and Honour be!"

But the dazzling vision faded—it was far too bright to stay;

In the rofy tints of dawning vanished the celestial ray. Earthly chains are still around us, mortal prayers we

still must pray,

Pilgrims in the land of exile—waiting till the perfect day

Breaks upon the distant mountains, and the shadows flee away.

HELEN MONTAGU STUART.





THE BREAD OF LIFE.

HEN by Thine altar, Lord, I kneel,
And think upon Thy love,
O make my heart Thy goodness feel,
Fix it on things above:
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me.

Thy wondrous love for me;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

About to leave this wretched Earth,
On man Thy thoughts still bent,
Thy facred boundless love gave birth
To this sweet Sacrament:

My dearest Lord, when I retrace Thy wondrous love for me; Oh, how can I affection place On anything but Thee?



O Manna, which my fovereign Lord
In pity left for me,
Without this majesty adored
What would this exile be?
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

A defert land of woe and care,
A pilgrimage of strife,
Who could its griefs and trials bear
Without this Bread of Life?
My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

My foul here finds a fovereign balm— A cure for every grief,



The Bread of Life.

89

Mid care and pain a heavenly calm, A folace and relief.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?

Supported by this Heavenly Bread,
My Lord's last pledge of Love,
With joy the rugged path I'll tread
To Horeb's mount above.

My dearest Lord, when I retrace Thy wondrous love for me; Oh, how can I affection place On anything but Thee?

Strengthened by this, my foul its flight
Shall from this exile foar,
To dwell in realms of blifs and light
For ever—evermore.





The Bread of Life.

90

My dearest Lord, when I retrace
Thy wondrous love for me;
Oh, how can I affection place
On anything but Thee?







RIVER THOUGHTS.

ON RECEIVING FROM AN OLD AND DEAR FRIEND

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK ON THE THAMES.



TEMPLE, backed with tree and based with turf,

Cresting the bright blue reach:—an ancient Lock,²

On whose worn gates the tiny wavelets knock For entrance, and play round with mimick surf:

A Cell, once of religion—then of rakes,³ And now of pleasure-feastings underneath

³ Medmenham Abbey-and its "Franciscans."



¹ The Temple or fummer-house on Fawley Island below Henley.

² Hambledon Lock.



River Thoughts.

Old Trees, through which the river-breezes breathe, And found of voice and flute fweet mufic makes

From shallop, hasting homeward at grey eve:
White cliffs: 1 broad fall of waters at the Ford, 2
Dove-cote, and Terrace-walk of soft green sward, 3
Then an old Abbey, 4 where a Boy 5 would weave
Fancies 6—afloat and drifting to and fro—
Wild fancies—that shall live while Thames' still waters flow.

Such is the fong that Memory fings

To me of homes and hours gone by;

A tale of ne'er-forgotten things;

A record that will never die:

92

^{6 &}quot;The Revolt of Islam," under its past name, " Laon and Cythna."



Danesfield Cliffs.

² Harley-ford, its falls and foot-bridge.

³ Hurley: Dove-cote and waterfide walk, Lady-place.

Bisham. 5 Shelley.

River Thoughts.

93

Stirred by those seven sweet mystic strings
Up, from the inmost heart, it springs—
The thought—that all Life's bygone brings
Back to the eye;
Old hearts, old haunts, old talks, old times,

Old hearts, old haunts, old talks, old times,
Old Halls, old Towers, and old Church-chimes,
Life's melody.

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.







PURBROOK, HAMPSHIRE.

EASTWARD speed in gentle thought,
And climb the steep Portsdown,
Then the meek rivulet be sought
That winds beyond its crown:
As westwards tends the sunlight, round
On church and hamlet look,
And muse how meetly this fair ground
Is named from this Pure Brook.

This Brook is like the christened souls
Who in fair Purbrook dwell;
The river-wave, the life-wave, rolls
Each from a secret well;
But men may mark the streamlet's birth
Where wild birds build and sing;
Who may trace back the Church on earth?
Who shall declare its spring?



Purbrook, Hampshire.

95

Wilt trace it to the font's fair gleam,
Pure water purified,
Pure water from an earthly stream
Lost in a purer tide?
There with the Everlasting Years
Is linked the life late given;
There is no eye of fun-lit spheres
Gifted to pierce the Heaven.

Glaffing the Sun upon its breaft,
Gladdening the neighbour foil,
The stream, scarce noticed, flows to rest,
'Twixt the green banks of toil.
This is each faithful blood-bought soul,
They who still heav'nward look
To seek their being's Fount and Goal,
To list their own Pure Brook.

A. MIDDLEMORE MORGAN.





HYMN AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.



H union wonderful and true!

Oh, Love! oh, bliss beyond compare!

What can the heart enraptured do

When God Himself is there?

After communion what is earth?

Life feems indeed but vanity:

Its brightest hours are never worth

One moment fpent with Thee.

This moment does the work of years, The foul hath drunk a joy fo deep That she may bid farewell to tears, Such as Earth's children weep.

Jefus! be Thou my hidden rest, Reign over me supreme, alone; The dearest wish within my breast Is to be all Thine Own!





Hymn after Holy Communion.

97

And now, if to my daily strife
I must return, and bear my part;
Do Thou, my Lord, my Light, my Life,
Keep to Thyself my heart!

Hold it, that it may never stray, Lost in a World of sin and care, Fix it in the unerring way Of discipline and prayer.

Give me Thy bleffing, Lord, again;
And I will fight beneath Thine Eye,
And win, perchance, through days of pain,
A glorious victory.





SALVE MI ANGELICE.

A HYMN FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF GUARDIAN ANGELS.

AIL! my guardian fpirit, hail!
Angel ever bleffed,
Who of light within the veil
Throughly art poffeffed;

Thou of God Almighty hast
Beatific vision,
Sweet for ever to the taste,
Unalloyed fruition.

When the spirits proud were cast Into death undying, Thee did God establish fast, Heavenly grace supplying:



Salve mi Angelice.

99

In His paths preferved thee, Spirit true and tender, And commissioned thee to be My weak soul's defender.

Therefore I with bended knee
Bow myself before thee,
And upraising suppliantly
Heart and hands, implore thee,
That, with ever-watchful art,
Thou to-day wouldst aid me,
Lest the adversary's dart
Subtly should invade me,

May my body from diffress
Be by thee protected,
Be all thoughts of wickedness
From my mind rejected:





100

Salve mi Angelice.

Everywhere and always fpeed From the foe to hide me, And in thought and word and deed Be at hand to guide me.

Cleanse all past and present faults
From my mind's intention,
And, when evil next assaults,
Grant thy intervention.
O console and care for me,
Cherish me in trouble,
Purge, enlighten persectly,
And my zeal redouble.

Pray that I remission find Of the Judge's sentence, So to share my joy of mind On my true repentance;



Salve mi Angelice.

IOI

Living as shall please Him best Unto my life's closing, All my longings aye at rest, All on Him reposing.

In the hour of death, beftow
Thy true confolation;
Shield me from the watchful foe,
Bid me take my flation,
Where the hofts of heaven among
In God's courts attending,
I may join the praifes fung
To His Name unending. Amen.

H. W. Mozley.







A LEGEND OF THE WEEPING WILLOW.

HITE were the stairs of marble stone,
But whiter were His Feet,
Flecked with the Blood that must atone

For the apple fickly-fweet;
As He came down,
Each mocking clown
Arose the King to greet.

It was not yet the time of figs,
But trees were budding fair,
They stripped the lithe long willow-twigs,—
All things the crime must share!—
With rod and scourge
Their guilt to purge
Whose sins the Sinless bare.





A Legend of the Weeping Willow. 103

And red stains mar the marble stone,
And on the long green leaves
Are blood-drops, as the willow lone
Still hangs its head and grieves
By pool and stood,
Where the pale blue bud
The wreath of Memory weaves.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.







THE HOLY SOULS.

"The Souls of the righteous are in the Hands of God."



ORD of the living and the dead,
Thy children feek Thine aid
For Souls who, in Thy Justice dread,
Suffer for debts unpaid.

Shut out from Thee their one fole Love, They alway languish fore For cooling streams of blis above, And Heaven's wide-opened door.

In twilight gloom they patient wait, Crofs-bearers of their Lord; Stricken, until the prifon-gate Be opened at Thy word.



The Holy Souls.

105

Not yet so cleansed and purified
That they may see Thy Face:
Not yet made meet, by suffering tried,
For Thine all-pure embrace.

Yet Thou dost love them, and Thy love Is bliss amid their woe, And for Thy sake the joys above They readily forego.

O then make haste, good Christ! and hear Our *De-profundis* cry; Release the Souls, to Thee so dear, Who patient waiting lie,

Refresh them parched, with gracious rains— They long and thirst for Thee;— Unloose their bonds, remit their pains, And set Thy captives free.





106

The Holy Souls.

Low at Thine altars here we bow,
With tears Thy Passion plead,
The spotless Victim listed now
We offer for their need.

Soon give them welcome up above In Home of blifsful rest, Fruition of Eternal Love, And fight of Vision blest.

E. Louisa Lee.







THE TROUVÈRE.1



MAKE not fongs, but only find:—
Love, following still the circling sun,
His carols cast on every wind,
And other singer is there none!

I follow Love, though far he flies:
I fing his fong, at random found,
Like plume fome bird of Paradife
Drops, paffing, on our dufky bound.

In some, methinks, at times there glows
The passion of a heavenlier sphere:
These, too, I sing:—but sweeter those
I dare not sing, and faintly hear.

AUBREY DE VERE.

¹ The Greeks called the poet "the Maker." In the middle ages, some of the best poets took a more modest title—that of "the Finder."





HYMN OF PRAISE.

(Pfalm cxlviij.)

RAISE, O praise the Lord of Heaven,
Praise Him, praise Him in the height;
Sun and moon, for ever praise Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

Praise Him, praise Him, all His angels, Praise Him, praise Him, all His host: Praise the God of our Salvation, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Praise Him, praise Him, all ye Heavens, And ye waters, that above, From your everlasting fountains, Rise in light and fall in love.





Hymn of Praise.

109

Praise Him, all ye deeps and dragons
Upon earth, praise ye the Lord;
Fire and hail and snow and vapour,
Wind and storm, fulfil His Word.

Praife Him, all ye hills and mountains, Cedars fair and fruitful trees, Beafts and cattle, birds and infects, Morning's light and evening's breeze.

Let them praise His Name Most Holy, For He spake and they were made, Laws which never shall be broken, Deep in their foundations laid.

Kings below and all the people,
Princes, judges of the earth,
Young and old men, maidens, children,
Praise His Name of matchless worth.



110 Hymn of Praise.

For that Name, all names excelling,
From His people's hearts shall raise
To His own eternal dwelling
Endless songs of love and praise.

Praise, O praise the Lord of Heaven, Praise Him, praise Him in the height; Sun and moon, for ever praise Him, Praise Him, all ye stars and light!

Praise Him, praise Him, all His angels, Praise Him, praise Him, all His host: Praise the God of our salvation, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John S. B. Monsell.





THE SHIP IN THE STORM.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves."



SAW "the waves of this troublesome world," raging and dark and cold,—
Oh, who will guide in the stormy tide to rest in the city of gold?

The Lord has been to our realms of fin, and bought us in Heaven a share,

But He is gone back on the angel's track, and how fhall we reach Him there?

Then a glance I cast through the long, long past; (its vista was nearly dark,)

And, through the haze of vanished days, discerned a noble barque

Which the "Carpenter's Son," that fearless One, had built with His own right hand,

And in her those dear to His Heart while here, embarked for their Fatherland.





112 The Ship in the Storm.

The Workman is gone, yet crowds press on to that fruit of His toil unpriced;

All bear the fign of Love Divine, the holy Cross of Christ.

The fame fweet Light through form and night is guiding all to reft,

And, hand-in-hand, to toil for land, they should be furely blest.

But fome cannot view the lantern true, and to them all days are dark;

Some proudly rear, and think as clear, their candle's little fpark.

Some try to wile the brief fummer's fmile for ever there to roam,—

Alas! to fuch is the voyage much, and little worth their home.

Some look for light with aching fight, and tremble day by day,

Left, though they strive to safe arrive, they should be cast away.





The Ship in the Storm.

113

Some leave the rest, and boldly breast alone the open wave,

And many die from far and nigh, and find an ocean grave;

Like drops of rain on the stormy main, their place is known no more,—

O death and life! O toil and strife! when will this scene be o'er?

Y. N.





CORPORATE REUNION.



LORD, we know that all who love Thy
Name

Are one in Thee; Thy Spirit's quickening fire

Has wrapt their torpid nature into flame,

And given them oneness of intense desire

To mount towards Thee higher still and higher.

Yet are they widely fevered to their shame

In outward worship: discord in the choir Brings on their glorious Faith the sceptic's blame.

O turn we, therefore, schism-torn to Thee,

And ask that Thou wouldst make us whole again, Not only in the Spirit's unity,

But in a visible communion;—then

The Holy Catholic Church indeed will be Thy home, Thy tabernacle among men.

JOHN CHARLES EARLE.

Visitation of B. V. Mary, 1878.





SUPER FLUMINA.

HE vesper bell is pealing soft,
And I know that, far away,
The vesper hymn goes up alost,
To lull the dying day;
And a gentle Child on bended knee
Is pouring forth a prayer for me.

Pray, gentle spirit, far away,
By that sweet southern sea;
I have need enough that day by day
Some prayer should rise for me,
Some incense to the eternal shrine,
From heart and lips as pure as thine.

I fcarce could pray an hour ago, A weight was on my heart,





Super Flumina.

116

But now it melts like morning fnow, And I can weep apart, For thou art praying for me now, And God will liften to thy vow.

Pray, gentle spirit; prayer of mine
Is stained and slecked with earth,
But every snow-white prayer of thine
Is rich with Angel's worth;
And mingling in the starry zone,
Those prayers shall purify mine own.

Sweet is the Ave-Mary bell,
In Mary's land of love,
And fweet the vefper hymns that fwell
To Her dear Throne above;
And fweet to me far, far away,
The hour when Mary's children pray.

Adieu, fweet Child, adieu to-night! Christ keep thee safe from ill!





Super Flumina.

117

Thy dreams be fweet, thy fleep be light, Good Angels guard thee still: And God the Father from above Smile on thee with a Father's love.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.







IMMACULATA.

OULD she, that Destined one, could she
On whom His gaze was fixed for aye,
Transgress like Eve, partake that Tree,
In turn the Serpent's dupe and prey?

Had He no Pythian shaft that hour,
Her Son—her God—to pierce the Foe
That strove her greatness to devour,
Eclipse her glories? Deem not so!

O Mary! in that First Decree

He saw the assailer, sent the aid:—

Filial it was, His love for thee

Ere thou wert born; ere worlds were made.





Immaculata.

119

One Innocence on earth remained
By Grace divine, not Nature's worth,
And welcomed—through His Blood, unstained—
Redeeming Sanctity to earth.

AUBREY DE VERE.







ANOTHER FLEETING DAY IS GONE.

NOTHER fleeting day is gone,—
Slow o'er the West the shadows rise;
Swiftly soft stealing hours have flown,
And Night's dark mantle veils the skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
Swept from the records of the year,
And still with each successive sun
Life's fading visions disappear.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
When all who in God's care confide
As their appointed work is done,
Rest in His love at eventide.

Another fleeting day is gone,— But foon a fairer day shall rife,





Another fleeting Day is gone. 121

A day whose never-setting sun Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

Another fleeting day is gone,—
All praise to God, as is most meet,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God th' all-holy Paraclete. Amen.

I.







IN GOD'S SIGHT.

HY should we vex our foolish minds
So much from day to day,
With what concerning us an idle World
May think or say?

Do we not know there fits a Judge,

Before Whose searching eyes

Our inmost hidden being cleft in twain

And open lies?

O my Omniscient Lord and God!

Enough, enough for me,

That Thou the evil in me and the good

Dost wholly see.

Let others in their fancies deem of me,
Or fay, whate'er they will,
Such as I am before Thy judgment-throne
So am I still.



In God's Sight.

123

Praise they my good beyond desert,

And all my bad ignore;—

That am I which in Thy pure sight I am,

No less, no more!

Decry they all my good, and blame

My evil in excess;—

That am I which in Thy pure fight I am,

No more, no less!

EDWARD CASWALL.







"THY KINGDOM COME."

No. I.

OW long, O Saviour, wilt Thou ftay?—
How long Thy fure return delay?
While still Thy waiting Church doth pray
"Thy kingdom come."

Didft not Thou teach the prayer, O Lord?
Hast Thou not passed the faithful word?
Oh! gird Thee with Thy conquering sword:
"Thy kingdom come."

Are not the realms of Earth Thine own?

Come, then, and stablish here Thy throne:
In all the World reign Thou alone:
"Thy kingdom come."



125

Jefu! descend again from high; And while Thine armies fill the sky Let Earth resound, and Heaven reply: "Thy kingdom come."

Why lingereth Thy chariot still?
When wilt Thou all the nations sill
With the glad praise of Sion's hill?
"Thy kingdom come."

Till then, oh! keep us in the way Which leadeth to Eternal Day; And grant us grace in faith to fay:
"Thy kingdom come."

WILLIAM EDWARD GREEN.







"THY KINGDOM COME."

No. II.

AY not that hours are lonelier now and darker

Than days were dark of yore,

Say not that wild winds moan old days' departure, For funshine lights the floor:

Yes, golden funshine creeps through pane and portal Up the dim wall,

Whence pictured faces look with fmiling feature, And voices feem to call:

Sunshine of Earth, bright type of heavenly glory,
Where come nor loss nor fears,—
Sunshine of Earth, flecked ever with dark shadows,

In this fad vale of tears.

TETETETE



127

Round us fuch shades have deepened, paled the gloaming,

Now Summer joys have fled, Yet even in Winter come familiar greetings And memories of the dead.

Until we pass, in Spring, Life's June, or Winter,
From this strange varying scene,
Bind us to those we loved, by living prayer-bonds,
Lord, keep their memories green:

Grey hairs and deep-veined fingers, cold and death-flruck,

With De profundis sung,

Faces fo white and calm, the struggle over, When chimes of hope were rung:

While round the death-biers little children fearful Gathered with fmile and tear,





And little palms were joined in intercession For those so loved and dear.

Past all the woes and sufferings, o'er the struggle, No more the trumpet-call:

Past all the toil and all the strong temptation, No weakness now, no fall.

As pants the hart for cool refreshing brooklets, When heated in the chase,

So long the fouls, O Lord, of our departed To look upon Thy Face.

Patient and waiting for glad streaks of funlight
To scare dark mists away,

Patient and waiting through the long night-watches For God's all-peaceful day.

There bonds long-fevered, with fad feparations, By His divine decree,





129

Shall be new-linked in that true home celestial Before the crystal sea.

So when bright spring-flowers gild the glad green meadows,

And birds rejoicing fing,

Pray for the Refurrection-morning's beauty— Look for the Church's King.

Or here, when Autumn's reddening touch fo changeth

Leaf, floweret-bloom, and lea,

Ask we to tread the good God's garden homewards, And eat of Life's rich Tree.

We still miss friends, and grieve o'er their departure, Hands cold and voices dumb,—

Join us anew where separations are not, O Lord, Thy Kingdom come!





So, as at fleeping-place, poor pilgrim-ftrangers,
Thine Own loved Prayer we pray,
We look back from the empty tomb of Eafter,
On to the breaking Day.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.







THE TWO CROWNS.



MADE myself a myrtle crown;
I crowned myself with leaves and flowers;

All day I lay in rofy bowers, All day till the fweet fun went down.

The myrtle withered on my head,

My crown became a crown of pain,

I could not pluck it off again,

With those dead leaves my heart seemed dead.

All night, all night, without relief,
I wandered, while the ffars were bright,
I wandered all that weary night,
And all my foul was fick with grief.





The Two Crowns.

132

But when then morning broke once more,
And all the hills were rofy fair,
I found a ruined chapel there,
I passed the little chancel door:

The Holy Altar glittered cold,
Altar and Cross were broken all,
The moss was thick upon the wall,
The day-spring tinged its tufts with gold.

I knelt before the broken shrine,
I could not speak for sobs and tears,
I could not pray for wildering fears,
The ruin of that fane was mine.

Long, long I knelt in my despair,
But when the sun in heaven was high,
A glory seemed to hover by,
I felt a Healing Presence there.



The Two Crowns.

133

So, when my grief was calmer grown,
I faid, "My heart was dark within;
O God, I finned a deadly fin,
I finned, to wear the myrtle crown."

I faw a Form of Beauty there,
A Form of Beauty heavenly bright,
A glorious Form of awful light,
A Form of Beauty fairest-fair.

I wept, and clasped His sacred Feet, I wept and kissed them, as I lay: He took my crown of pain away: I wept, and all my tears were sweet.

Another crown I wear ev'n now,
A sweeter crown than in those bowers,
And part are Amaranthine flowers,
And part are thorns from His dear Brow.

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT.





EVENTIDE.

HISPER the angel voices foft and kind,

More gentle than the fummer even's wind

That murmurs playful o'er the deep,—

"Sleep, child of earth," they fay, "now take thy reft;

The twilight darkens in the glowing weft,

Spirits around thee watch shall keep."

Come floating on the breath of balmy air,

Sweet dreams of heaven, and of our loved ones there,
For ever in their Father's keep.

And whilft still Night stole on with filent tread,

Around me hovering, holy Angels said,

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

And comes anon, from yonder wooded hill, The diffant murmur of fome hidden rill



Eventide.

135

That ripples down its stony bed.

And yet again I hear the angels' fong,

By evening's dying breezes borne along,

"Sleep, sleep, still darkness reigns o'erhead.

"Rest, rest," I still hear wasted on the breeze,
That, sighing sadly through the shadowy trees,
Makes music always low and deep—
And comes once more the oft-repeated strain,
Re-echoed gently from yon darkening main,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

HEDLEY VICARS.







HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

E give Thee thanks, O Lord our God, For all the Saints Thy path who trod— The path of pain, the path of death, The path of Him Who triumpheth.

For they have braved the hour of shame, The cross, the rack, the cord, the slame, The dagger and the cup of woe, If only Jesus they might know.

All this they counted not for loss, For they were foldiers of the Cross: They recked not of the grief or pain, If only Jesus they might gain.

He is their Saviour, He their Lord, He their exceeding great reward;





Hymn for All Saints' Day.

137

Though lost be all that fills our cares, If Him they have, then all is theirs.

From us their forms have passed away— Mere viewless spirits, mouldering clay— Some live upon the life of same, Some leave no vestige but a name.

But when shall sound the trump of doom, To call the tenants of the tomb, A mighty army they shall stand, Arrayed in white at God's Right Hand.

A mighty host, to man unknown, In glory ranged around the Throne; He knows His own Who ruled the strife— Their names are in the Book of Life.

GERARD MOULTRIE.





THE GREAT CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—St. Paul.

"I believe in the Communion of Saints." - Apostles' Creed.

ONE for them the time of forrow, paffed for ever toil and pain,

Weeping eyes and weary spirits, stumbling feet, or moil or stain;

No more death nor fin can touch them, they are fafely folded now,

Great the guerdon of their patience, bright the crowns upon their brow.

Once, like us, they knew of weakness, of temptation's power, and shame,

But their God was near to help them, for they trusted in His Name;

So victoriously they triumphed, though, like us, in war they strove,





The Great Cloud of Witnesses. 139

- Now they gaze upon His beauty, Who, like them, we strive to love.
- But, though rapt in ceaseless worship, round the Lamb's high throne in light,
- Though impaffible exultant, bathed in fathomless delight;
- Still from out the golden bulwarks, where the angels throng around,
- Mark they well our faltering footsteps as we march through hostile ground.
- Mindful are they of our victories when from fin we turn away,
- When, our burdens laid aside, we walk as children of the day:
- Yes, they yearn with love for finners, long to greet those exiles dear,
- And to share with them the laurels when the fight is ended here.





140 The Great Cloud of Witnesses.

Ask we then their prayers to aid us—know they not the gifts we need?

Who on earth being strong to battle, still are strong to intercede:

Filled while here with love's compassion, pity now for each they know;

Seek we then their willing fuccour, help to triumph o'er the foe.

He will hear them, Who has promifed, "What ye ask ye shall receive;"

And His grace shall flow upon us who in His sure word believe;

Bound and bonded in communion with each other and the Trine,

Where the light is ever lustrous, and the peace is all divine.

The Authoress of "THE DEPARTED AND OTHER VERSES."





UNKNOWN GRAVES.

HE grass is rank, the shades are deep,
Where the unknown their slumber keep,
The early sunlight, saffron-new,

Scarce fmites the grass or gilds the dew;— Unprayed for, tended not, they wait, Those Holy Souls, outside God's Gate.

Beyond the Church's northern wall
Only day's noon-tide glories fall,
Here—dawn and morn, foft eve, dark night
Above—no change, unfading light;
Yet round glide angel-guardians nigh
To hear a plaint and heed a figh.

No crosses mark those northern graves, No flowers adorn, no yew-tree waves;





Unknown Graves.

Unknown, uncared for, there they lie, Under the chill of wintry fky, Or, under light of July's fun, Lorn and forgotten every one.

142

Pass no lone nameless sleeper's bed,
For once on such Heaven's dew was shed:
By sudden death, by wasting pain,
God called them to Himself again:
Pray then for Souls who longing wait
To enter Sion's golden gate.

The grass is rank, deep shadows lie Under charged cloud or golden sky; Not by the Church's southern plot Where rose blooms with forget-me-not, But for all Souls whose bodies rest Under the northern churchyard's breast.

When chimes for mass ring out at morn O'er snow-clothed vales or ripening corn,





Unknown Graves.

143

Gather within the open door God's dews of mercy to implore For Souls unknown, in Christ new-born, Waiting, unprayed for, lone and lorn.

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

Littlemore, September, 1874.







MANET SABBATISMUS.

HEN man abode in Paradife,

There was in gardens once
A perfect rest defying price;

But man, so eager to be wise,

Hath proved himself a dunce,

That toileth still and straineth:

And yet a rest remaineth.

The ferpent dwelt in Paradife,
A good beaft and a kindly,
But Satan coming, tempter-wife,
Filled all the poor beaft's mouth with lies,
And Eve she listened blindly;
And living-kind complaineth:
And yet a rest remaineth.





Manet Sabbatismus.

145

By wells of water, where the trees
Bow down to kis the flowers
That, anchored, rock in morning breeze,
And spread their filver chalices
To catch the morning showers,
No final rest man gaineth:
And yet a rest remaineth.

In tender voice, in fong of bird,
In pfaltery's foft rhyming,—
So fweet because more felt than heard,—
In found of kisses, timing
The hours that ask no chiming,
There is no rest: earth waneth:
Only the rest remaineth:

Remaineth in a garden-ground Where groweth Rose and Lily, Remaineth where the waters sound,





146 Manet Sabbatismus.

Where never winds blow chilly, Nor harsh voice echoes shrilly, Where the Rose-lily reigneth, There the true rest remaineth!

A little while, a little heat,
A little lonelines,—
And endles time that grows more sweet,
And warmth with no distress,
And fellowship to bless
His rest who rest obtaineth:
The final rest remaineth.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.







COMPLINE HYMN.



OME, bleft Redeemer of the Earth, Shew to the World a Virgin-Birth, Let all the wondering ages know

Which birth beseems our God below.

Not of the feed of mortal race, By mystic Breath of heavenly grace, The Word of God, in flesh arrayed, True offspring blooms of Mother-maid.

The Virgin bears the Burthen pure, And Ever-virgin doth endure; Like pennon bright her graces shine, And God is in His hallowed shrine.

The Bridegroom from His chamber springs, Meet palace of the King of kings, True God, true Man, in Person One, Like giant glad His course to run.





Compline Hymn.

148

From Sire in Heaven He goeth forth, To live in Heaven returns from Earth, Descending e'en to Hell's abode, Ascending to the Throne of God.

Eternal Sire's co-equal Son,
Thy fleshly girdle gird Thee on,
The frailty of our mortal plight
To strengthen with immortal might.

Full brightly shines Thy manger-bed, And Night herself new light doth shed, A Light on which no night shall close, Aye bright to Faith as when it rose.

To God the Father in the height, And to the Son, True Light of Light, And Holy Ghost all glory be, Now and through all eternity. Amen.





LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.



HE blasts of chill December found

The farewell of the Year,

And Night's swift shadows gathering
round

O'ercloud the foul with fear;
But rest you well, good Christian men,
Nor be of heart forlorn:
December's darkness brings again
The light of Christmas morn.

The welcome fnow at Christmas-tyde
Falls shining from the skies:
On village paths and uplands wide
All holy-white it lies;





Light in the Darkness.

150

It crowns with pearl the oaks and pines,
And glitters on the thorn;
But purer is the Light that shines
On gladsome Christmas morn.

At Christmas-tyde the gracious moon Keeps vigil while we sleep,

And sheds abroad her light's sweet boon On vale and mountain-steep:

O'er all the flumbering land descends Her radiancy unshorn;

But brighter is the Light, good friends, That shines on Christmas morn.

'Twas when the World was waxing old,
And Night on Bethlehem lay,
The Shepherds faw the heavens unfold
A light beyond the day;



Light in the Darkness.

151

Such glory ne'er had vifited
A World with fin outworn;
But yet more glorious light is fhed,
On happy Christmas morn.

Those shepherds poor, how blest were they
The angels' song to hear!
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their Lord so dear!
The Lord of Heaven's Eternal height
For us a Child was born;
And He, the very Light of Light,
Shope forth that Christmas morn!

Before His infant smile afar,
Were driven the hosts of hell;
And still in souls that childlike are
His guardian love shall dwell:





152 Light in the Darkness.

O then rejoice, good Christian men, Nor be of heart forlorn; December's darkness brings again The Light of Christmas morn.

NORVAL CLYNE.







FOR A YOUNG GIRL WITH A BOOK OF CAROLS.

AROL while yet thy life is in its fpring,

For fpring-tide is the time for carolling:

Sing while the dews are fresh, the day is

young;

Sweet fongs found fweetest in the morning sung, Ere yet the summer-noon, the winter-night Harden the heart-springs, and the song-slowers blight;

And airs of youth and Carols "light as air" Seem but the echoes of the things that were.

Up! the fons of God are finging
To the children of the plain;
Up! the bells of Earth are ringing
Back to Heaven their glad refrain:
Up! the day-star forth is slinging
Lines of golden light, and stringing





154 With a Book of Carols.

Beads of dew thereon, to deck
With Love's necklace Morning's neck:
Up! then, and on Music's string
Thread the pearls of song, and sing—
In a lone bower far away
There is born a Babe to-day!

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW.







REST.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

TOILE Who Whose d

TOILERS in Life's vineyard,
Who figh for perfect Rest,
Whose dim eyes, peering upward,

With weight of years oppressed,
Look for the blissful slumber
God gives to His beloved;
Wait till the day is over,
And He the task has moved.

Here, where the long long morning Melts into bufy noon, The hours are all unrestful, But Evening cometh foon:



Lo on the lofty mountain

The first faint shadow lies,
And God will draw His curtains

Over the far-off skies.

Short flumbers has the pilgrim,
His ready staff in hand,
The foldier may but linger
Till the foe is in the land:
The child must hasten homeward
O'er hill and field and dell;
And the golden gates are open
Where they each in rest shall dwell.

O weary heart, take courage!
O feet, march on awhile!
O bufy hands, ftill labour!
Tired eyes shall fee Him smile



Who has within His keeping, Still waiting for your claim, The perfect Rest of Heaven— The gladness of His Name.

No florm disturbs the waters,
No wind shakes that repose;
No trumpet calls to battle,
Nor triumph then the soes:
Though season follows season,
And year sades into year,
That rest is still remaining—
That Heaven shall still appear.

Take up the burden, Christian, Bear thou, and labour on, A little forrow only And the kingdom shall be won:





158

Rest.

Only a few more footsteps,
And then the tranquil Rest;
Only a few more longings,
And then the sheltering Breast.







ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS' DAYS AT ALL SAINTS', LAMBETH, 1877.

USING over friends departed, loved ones known and miffed and gone, As November's fun was fmiling speaking

As November's fun was fmiling speaking fummer to the morn,

Autumn-blooms were fweet and odorous in their latest parting breath,—

Yet gazing upon Beauty I could only dream of Death.

Golden shower-clouds drifting purpled up between the Earth and sky,

Seemed to pause, as though thanks giving, ere like tears they fell to die;

Yet Earth in all its splendour was the goal where both were borne,





160 All Saints' and All Souls' Days

For I looked not fo far onward as the Refurrectionmorn.

As All Saints' Night went gliding by, fhe wreathed the facred hours

With glory from her coronal of everlafting flowers:

There came, but not from Earth, a Voice that whispered of the Blest,

An echo from that far-off land in which the wanderers rest.

The World had fobbed itself to sleep, all-silent after strife:

The shades of Death had vanished in the rays of endless Life;

While that Voice Divine thrilled fweeter from the Home where angels foar,

As It whifpered "Saints are shining as the stars for evermore."





At All Saints', Lambeth, 1877. 161

While the Holy Souls are thirsting for our Eucharists and prayer—

Christ have pity! Lady help them! Mount they soon the golden stair!

And may all at last God's mercy know, when sinking on Earth's breast,

"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.

All Saints', Lambeth, Nov. 1, 1877.

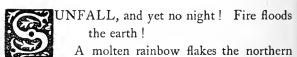


м



AURORA.

I.



íky!

The Polar gates unclose; and gleaming forth
Troop the wild flames that glide and glare on high,
Tinged in their vaulted home with that deep
ruddy dye!

II.

Whence flash these mystic signals? what the scene Where the red rivers find their sounts of slame? Far, far away, where icy bulwarks lean



Aurora.

163

Along the deep, in feas without a name:

Where the vast porch of Hades rears its giant frame!

III.

The underworld of fouls! fever'd in twain:

One, the fell North, perplexed and thick with gloom;

And one, the South, that calm and glad domain,
Where asphodel and lotus lightly bloom
'Neath God's own Starry Cross, the shield of
peaceful doom.

IV.

No quest of man shall touch—no daring keel Cleave the dark waters to their awful bourne: None shall the living sepulchre reveal

Where feparate fouls must throng, and pause; and yearn

For their far dust, the fignal, and their glad return.



v.

Ay! ever and anon the gates roll wide,
When whole battalions yield their fudden breath;
And ghosts in armies gather as they glide,
Still fierce and vengeful, from the field of death:
Lo! lightnings lead their hosts, and meteors glare beneath.

ROBERT S. HAWKER.

Morwenstow, November 10, 1870.







MY HOME.

AY all good angels watch around my dwelling,

May holy spirits shield it with their care, Each wayward thought within its precincts quelling:

I ask a bleffing on it, in my prayer,

From Thee, O Lord, Who rulest everywhere.

Angel of fleep, O may'ft thou ever carry
Unto its inmates vifions fair and bright!
Angels of Peace and Love, within it tarry

And fhed around this hearth thy radiant light: Angel of Strength, defend it through the night.

Angel of Hope, when we are lone and dreary, Whisper that dawn will follow midnight shade;

Angel of Faith, when our fad hearts are weary,
Uplift thy regal banner undifmayed
Before pale phantoms which make us afraid.





166

My Home.

Home, whence I trust to pass to life immortal

When the calm sleep of Death hath closed mine
eyes;

I look upon thee only as the portal
Of God's bright Mansion far beyond the skies—
Of the resplendent Home in Paradise!
HELEN MONTAGU STUART.







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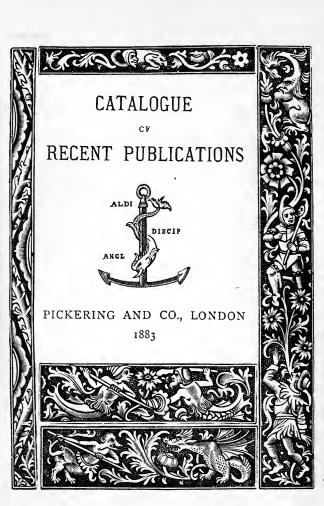
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